

Our Dumb

JULY 1943

ANIMALS

**The greatest guy in the world
was aboard that draft train.**

JUL 2 1943 P

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

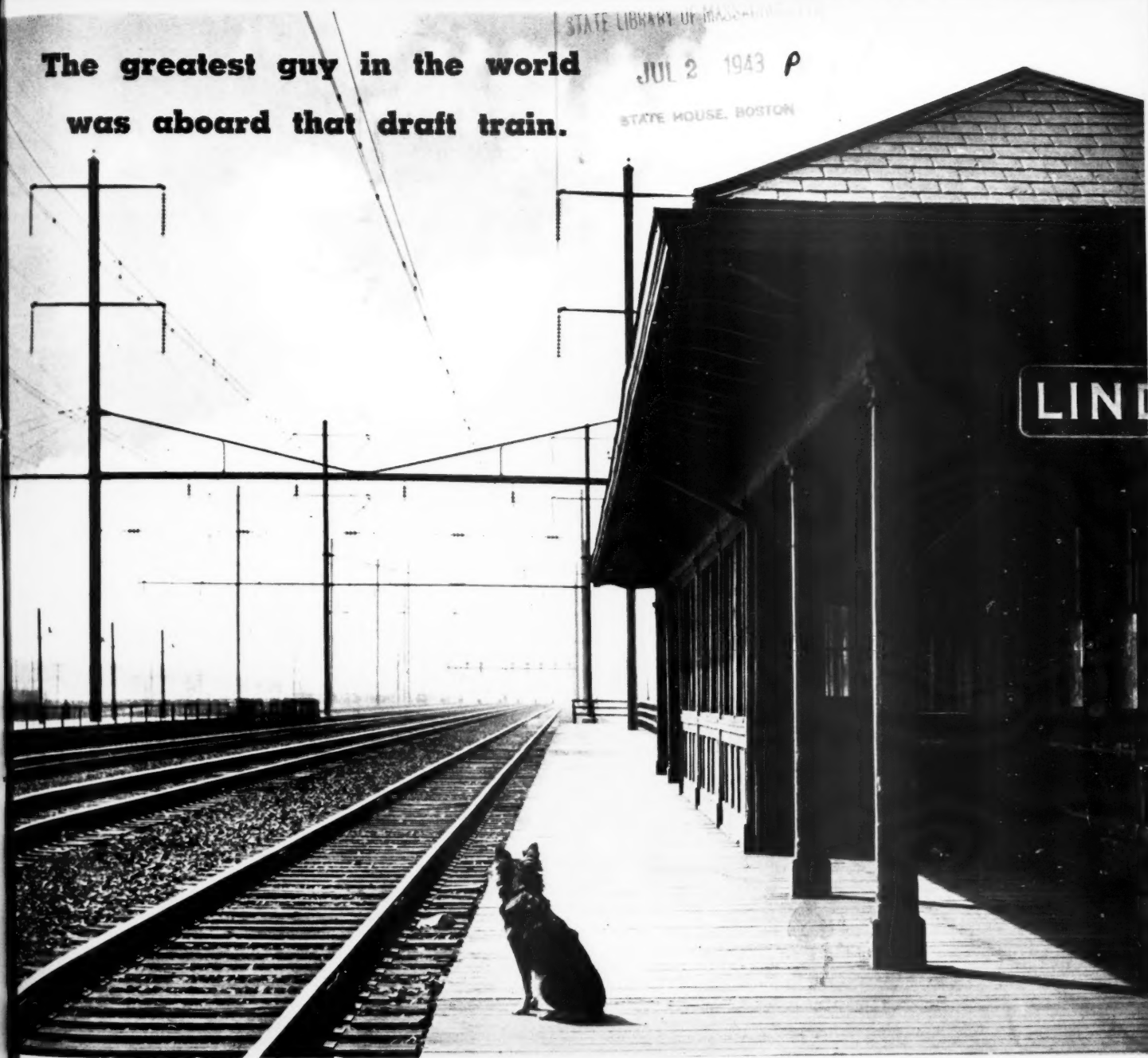


Photo by A. F. Sozio

The MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY for the PREVENTION of CRUELTY to ANIMALS

and the

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

From the PRESIDENT'S DESK



THE KILLING time has come. At last it must be done. Even the humanest among us must help to do the job. The enemies? The army of bugs and grubs and worms and insects that already have gathered about our victory gardens eager for the fray. It was Cowper who said—

**"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners
and fine sense,**

**Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."**

Let us all be grateful for that word "needlessly." It saves us from the guilt of being cruel.



"ALL things change, nothing perishes." So wrote an old Latin poet. Even this, our magazine, is slowly changing, not in its ideals or in the gospel which it has so long preached of a wide humanity—a humanity that pleads for justice, good will, compassion for all life that has the capacity for suffering. The cover grows a little more striking as the months go by, and within the cover the pages look a little different, but nothing has perished. In the leadership of our new Editor we have the fullest confidence.



TO MANY of our younger citizens, Independence Day this year will take on new meaning. In the past it has meant firecrackers and parades by veterans of other wars, but this year the great truth—that freedom is a precious thing which we constantly must fight to preserve—will be brought home with the realization that many familiar faces are missing—men who are "out there" fighting for the independence of all nations.

It is well that our youth should learn this lesson. Too many have taken freedom for granted. Children will also learn this year that there are to be no firecrackers, for which we are grateful, as we can recall only too well the suffering they caused children and animals.

Has "Time Made Ancient Good Uncouth?"

I SHALL never forget my first visit to Oxford, the city of spires, as it is called. But why this name? The fact is that every college was built around a chapel. . . . The history of the Sorbonne is repeated at Harvard, Yale, William and Mary, and in Pennsylvania. Harvard was founded in 1636 to save the churches from an illiterate ministry. William and Mary was founded in 1693 for the same purpose. Yale, in 1701, declared that its aim was to prepare young men for "public employment both in Church and civil State." Speaking at the bicentennial celebration of the University of Pennsylvania, President Roosevelt reminded his audience of a similar purpose. Columbia was established in 1753, with the chief objective "to teach and to engage children to know God in Jesus Christ." Dartmouth was to impart Christian knowledge to "savages."

—Emile Cailliet

This poem that follows the quotation from Cailliet might well be inscribed over the portals of the most of our colleges and universities. Again we quote the words of Henry Adams, "After all man knows mighty little, and may some day learn enough of his own ignorance to fall down and pray."

"O world, thou chooseth not the better part!

It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.

* * *

Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step
ahead

Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to
shine

By which alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought di-
vine."

Santayana

The Livestock Problem

WHILE efforts are still being made to reduce the amount of suffering being caused our food animals in the process of their transportation and in the various abattoirs where they are slaughtered, there still are readers who know that nothing has more deeply concerned the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals than this whole question of what our food animals have to endure from the ranches and farms where they are raised until they meet their end in the abattoirs and slaughter houses of the country.

Here in Massachusetts, at all the places to which these food animals are brought either by train or truck, our agents are there guarding against all unnecessary suffering and humanely putting to sleep those that arrive severely injured.

Visits made by us to slaughter houses, not only through our own country but through the several countries of Europe years ago, have resulted in the Society's unrelenting efforts for years to improve existing conditions. While there has been some co-operation on the part of the great industries engaged in what we may speak of as the "meat business," nothing but a strong and aroused public opinion will ultimately bring about that humaner day in the handling of all our food animals for which humane societies have labored so long.



WE HAVE received a gift, a modest contribution in the light of public expenditures, but a gift doubly welcome because of the sentiment attached to it. The friend who sent it to us merely stated that the check was to take the place of flowers for the funeral of an animal lover and a well-wisher of our Society. A gracious tribute to one no longer here.



The lack of training in home and school is the principal cause of cruelty and crime.

Migrant Extraordinary

BENNIE BENGTON

EVEN as far back as the early history of northern Europe the strange and unusual migrations of the lemmings attracted attention. At intervals over a period of years they increase greatly in numbers, food and weather conditions being favorable. Then a resistless urge to migrate seizes great multitudes and off they go, large armies moving in the same direction.

On and on they travel, swimming streams and lakes in their path, continuing the march no matter what the obstacles. Persistently they keep to their purpose, though no one, even the little beasts themselves, know their destination, or the reason for the headlong stampede. Sometimes these migrations wear themselves out and disappear, for countless numbers of the little travelers drown, die of disease, and fall victims to the predatory birds and animals that follow them. Sometimes they end in disaster only when the onrushing hordes reach the sea, plunge in, and swim until they become exhausted and perish.

Lemmings inhabit the Arctic and sub-arctic regions of Europe, Asia and North America. Two species are known on this continent, the brown and the collared, the former being the more numerous. They range over the greater part of northern Canada and Alaska, as far south as the southern tip of Hudson Bay, inhabiting the vast tundra of the northland. Here they excavate their tunnels, honeycombing dry peat beds or growths of moss and lichens, digging through snow in the winter, for they do not hibernate.

Collared lemmings trade their brown and gray summer coat for one of pure white when winter sets in. This renders them less visible to their enemies, though it is but seldom they venture out of their snow tunnels into the cold, doing their foraging below the surface in the frozen vegetation covering the tundra. In Eskimo legend these white lemmings live in a land above the stars coming to earth during snowstorms.

Lemmings are found as far north as there is vegetation to provide them with a food supply. Classed with the mouse tribe by naturalists, they are somewhat larger than the common meadow mouse and more heavily built. Their long fluffy fur tends to make them appear rather larger than they actually are.

In the great scheme of Nature the lemmings too, have a part. To a vast army of foxes, wolves, lynxes, weasels; and even bears, not to mention predatory birds as the owls and hawks, these little animals, whose extraordinary migrations have brought them into the limelight, are food in a region where food is scarce and hard to find.



(Seated) Mrs. Carlton H. Garinger, retiring president; Mrs. Robert R. Miller, newly elected president. (Standing) William A. Swallow, secretary; Dr. Francis H. Rowley, president; Eric H. Hansen, executive vice-president, the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

Tenth Anniversary at Springfield

THE tenth year of animal protection work by the Springfield Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. was marked by a luncheon and annual meeting at the Colony Club, the afternoon of May 13.

Present at the meeting were Dr. Francis H. Rowley, president; Eric H. Hansen, executive vice-president, and William A. Swallow, secretary — all of the parent organization.

Dr. Rowley expressed his appreciation of the fine work the Auxiliary members have done in their support of the local hospital, terming the Auxiliary one of the outstanding women's groups in the country.

Both Dr. Rowley and Mr. Hansen stressed the need for expansion of humane education after the war, pointing out that a program has already been formulated to meet this extended program. In speaking of the work of the Society's agents, Mr. Hansen commended their careful supervision of animal

transportation, with the resultant saving of vitally needed food.

For the coming year, Mrs. Robert R. Miller was elected president, succeeding Mrs. Carlton H. Garinger, who successfully led the Auxiliary in its activities during the past three years. Other officers chosen are as follows:

Mrs. Richard A. Booth, first vice-president; Mrs. Harold G. Duckworth, second vice-president; Mrs. Lawrence Davis, recording secretary; Mrs. Harold Treworgy, corresponding secretary; Mrs. H. W. Stockbower, treasurer. Directors: Mrs. Harold S. Treworgy, Mrs. Harold G. Duckworth, Mrs. Charlena B. Kibbe, Mrs. Stuart M. Robson, Mrs. M. F. Peterson, Mrs. Walter J. DuBon, and honorary director, Mrs. Dwight W. Ellis.



Please remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals when making your will.

The Amazing Alpaca

J. FRANK BROWNING

IF YOU should climb 16,000 dizzy feet above the sea to the lofty tablelands of Chile or Peru, where some majestic peak of the Andes—

*Giant of the Western Star,
Looks from his throne of clouds
O'er half the world—*

you would find very few other creatures to share the solitude with you. But look! Do you see those gray and tan figures over there against the background of giant cliffs? At first they look no larger than mice, but as they draw nearer they turn into woolly sheep-like animals. The size of a deer, and it almost takes your breath away to watch them scamper sure-footedly over boulders, up steep crags, and along yawning gorges with as much confidence and speed as if they were trotting along a modern American highway!

These are the alpacas — amazing alpacas we might well call them—related closely to the camel and the llama. The coat of this unusual height loving creature, sometimes two feet long, enables the hardy alpaca to endure the snow storms and icy winds of his lofty home.

The alpaca is extremely alert to dangers, and Nature helps him overcome many difficulties. His cushioned feet, with their hard curved toe-nails help him to climb the steep rocky peaks with ease and safety; his long flexible camel-like neck and pointed muzzle enable him to reach herbage growing on high ledges; and his strong teeth help him to chew the tough leaves and stalks; while his queerly constructed stomach—like that of his camel cousin—with its many tiny pocket-like reservoirs for liquid, makes it possible for him to endure both thirst and hunger for long periods when violent storms make it impossible to get food and drink.

And so we see a wonderful example of how the great Creator has fitted this queer creature for life at an altitude that would soon make us quite ill.



Fiddling

Some insects, such as the cricket, the grasshopper, and the locust, are equipped with a sort of musical instrument resembling a violin, and with these they simply fiddle most of their lives away.

The grasshopper is perhaps the most gifted of any of the musical insects, for he can play so many different tunes. His fiddle is on one wing, and his hind leg is used as the bow which he draws across it to make the sounds. Upon his leg are

little knobs which grow small hairs. When the grasshopper draws the little knobbed legs across the wings, he makes musical strains.

The cricket does his fiddling in the same way as the grasshopper, but the noises he makes are louder. Some say his fiddling can be heard nearly a mile away. Crickets like to get inside the house, near a hearth, and fiddle. But they are timid, and will instantly hush their fiddling when they sense someone is approaching.

Both the grasshopper and the cricket have different tunes for day and night. If the sun goes behind a dark cloud, they often stop their day tune and begin their night tune.

Katydids have a set of wings for flying and another set for fiddling, though only the male Katydid fiddles.—*Sunshine Magazine*

To a Tree in a Barn-Lot

Robert Sparks Walker

*Indulgent Mother Tree,
Cows lie beneath your arms
And rest contentedly;
God-mother of all farms,
Your green-leaf melody
Is filled with rustic charms.*

*Domestic fowls at night
Sleep in your leafy hair,
And in the dim twilight,
When nighthawks rift the air,
The small birds quit their flight
For your protecting care.*

*You are the matron now
Of Songbirds' Boarding Hall,
And you do not allow
A feathered friend to call
When night has come,—you vow
Your wards shall never fall.*



CANINE COIN COLLECTOR

Coast Guardsman Johnny Burke puts money in the bank of "Red Cross Rover" who bites Nazis only. Johnny is telling the dog that those are his sentiments exactly.

Acme Photo

Birds and Animals in Heraldry

ALETHA M. BONNER

IN ANCIENT days, when heralds and knights in service first encased themselves in armor, it was needful that they have some outward identification mark in order that they be recognized by those of their own rank, and not mistaken for the enemy. Accordingly, they placed a stripe, bearing some design in color, across their shields and armors.

Later, these symbols became merit badges, and still later, the armorial bearings were made hereditary emblems, that future generations might know of the honored achievements of their ancestors.

The badges and banners under which the heroes of the past "fought, bled, and died, on the field of honor," bore devices varied in design; such heraldic symbols portrayed the characteristics of the bearer of arms, and it is interesting to note that noblest traits were, for the most part, pictured in bird and animal designs.

From the most remote dating, the eagle has been universally regarded as the emblem of might and invested with other attributes of greatness, because of its extraordinary powers of vision, the vast height to which it soars, and its longevity.

In Heraldry the lordly bird became an armorial charge quite early (according to the *Britannica*, from the days of Charlemagne). For this purpose, its appearance took on a spread-wing-and-claw form, so that depicted on the shield of a knight its outline would be visible a great distance off.

The lion, emblematic of deathless courage, likewise held high place in heraldic designing. Richard "the lion-hearted," and a long line of kings, earls, barons and knights blazoned the royal beast on their armored shields.

By custom, the animal is shown as "rampant," or, "touching the ground with but one foot and clawing at the air in noble rage." Its other positions to be found on arms are, *passant*, *couchant*, and *salient*. The lion occupies three quarterings on the royal arms of Britain, and is one of the supporters of the shield.

The arms of Sir John Norwich, a famous knight of the 14th Century, were blazoned with a "tiger, rampant"; however this creature, symbolizing vigilance, is rarely found in collections of medieval arms. Its companion, the leopard, is a more common design. Symbolizing farsightedness, his spots represent the "eyes of Providence looking in every direction."

Fidelity is given interpretation through the heraldic device of the dog, with the greyhound and the mastiff (talbot) predominating. Oxen, antelope, boars, bears, wolves and even elephants occurred on medieval armaments—cer-

tain birds and beasts used, played upon the names of their bearers—for example the House of Swinburne featured the head of swine; the Colfox clan used for their family-crest, the fox. The horse, emblematic of strength and devotion, and the unicorn, one of Heraldry's fabulous beasts, signifying virtue, graced the arms of many noble knights.

Lovers of natural history find the subject of Heraldry doubly interesting, not only for its connection with the spirit of chivalry, but because of its linking animal life to virtues that are finest and best.



When Animals Die

E. R. YARHAM

DR. JULIAN HUXLEY, the eminent English scientist, recently recalled that a climber of the volcanic mass of Kilimanjaro, in Tanganyika Territory, East Africa, found a leopard corpse near its crater rim. That is, at an altitude of some 19,000 ft.

This raises the fascinating question as to whether animals, feeling death upon them, do make for the heights. If the leopard instance were the only case of its kind there would be little ground for discussion, but, as a matter of fact, similar cases have been reported from other parts of Africa and from several parts of the world.

A monkey corpse was found at Muhavura (13,500 ft.) in the great Western Rift Valley of Africa, and another near the summit (13,000 ft.) of Mount Cameroon in West Africa, amid bleak and lifeless surroundings. Sir Halford Mackinder, one of the most celebrated mountaineers of his time, found the skeleton of a buffalo on Kenya Mountain, East Africa, at a height of 14,150 ft., in 1899. It was still there 34 years later, and no doubt is still.

By coincidence, in the same year as the first mentioned, the first ascent made by man of the Miendalstind in Norway was accomplished by Mr. W. C. Slingsby. On the very summit he came across the skeleton of a mountain goat. In 1930 another mountaineer, remembering this story, climbed the same place and searched the summit rocks. He found in their crevices a number of goat bones, green with age.

A year or two back a sportsman in Negri Sembilan, Malaya, was out elephant hunting. He wounded a beast but it escaped. Evincing a humaneness commendable in a sportsman, he felt he must end its sufferings, and so he pursued it on foot. For six days he and his bearers made their way through the jungle, the tracks leading uphill all the way. When they eventually overtook the wounded elephant it was high up and lying down, evidently waiting for the end.

Dr. R. Murphy, curator of the American Museum of Natural History, vouches for this: At South Georgia, the lonely group in the South Atlantic, he discovered he hardly ever found the dead bodies of full-grown penguins. Then, at the summit of a long hill he came upon a little transparent lake of snow water, and around its margin stood several sickly looking penguins, silent and drooping, seemingly exhausted by the long climb from the beach. "I don't know why," said he, "but the air seemed oppressed with tragedy."

He walked to the pool and looked into its translucent depth. On the cold blue bottom, with their flippers outstretched were hundreds (possibly thousands) of dead bodies of penguins that had made the last weary climb to reach that peaceful spot. They lay face up, their breasts reflecting gleams of light from the darker water. For months, perhaps years, they would undergo no bodily change in that icy pool.

A. F. Tschiffely, hero of the famous horse ride from Buenos Aires once wrote: "As a rule, when penguins walk inland, they are sick and about to die. In some places regular paths have been made where the birds go on their last walk, usually towards some hill, on the top of which are veritable penguins' graveyards, many bones and feathers lying about."

Carcasses of seals are found in the midst of the Patagonian pampas, sometimes great distances from the sea. In that country it is generally believed that as soon as a seal feels death approaching it starts to make its way inland as far as it can go, generally dying on top of one of the small hills which abound in that part. Just inland from the Antarctic Ice Barrier men with Captain Scott found a huge seal cemetery, with evidence that the carcasses had been added to through the centuries.

Now, all these migrations cannot be fortuitous. What is it the dying creatures seek? Height seems to lure them, but it has been suggested solitude is their aim. Yet this cannot be true always, since many bodies are found together at times. The problem is one where there is much room for research.



Give me a task
To make me strong;
Help me to serve,
To right a wrong.
Teach me to smile
And spread good cheer,
To banish doubt
Or quench a tear.
When comes night
And efforts cease,
Grant me, dear God,
The gift of peace.

Anon

Hot Weather Tips

AS IN former years, The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. takes occasion to impress on all animal owners the extreme importance of special care for their animals during hot weather. Dr. Erwin F. Schroeder, chief of staff at the Society's Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, points out that the effect of midsummer heat upon many animals is just as great as upon human beings.

Because of the shortage of gasoline and tires, horses are coming more and more into use. Special consideration should be given them. Horses should not be forced to carry too heavy loads; they should be given generous amounts of cool water and allowed to rest at frequent intervals.

Dogs, too, come in for more or less thoughtless cruelty. What more pitiful sight can be seen during the summer than a dog imprisoned in a parked car on which pours a relentless sun. The windows are usually closed, or, at most, perhaps a half inch of one window is down. Inside the panting dog glues its nose to the crack seeking a breath of cool air. The temperature may often exceed 100 degrees. Take your pet with you or, at least, open windows two inches on opposite sides of the car.

Another practice to be condemned is that of forcing dogs to play vigorously for long periods. Remember, he will keep it up, against his better judgment, just to please you. Also dogs should be restrained from chasing automobiles.

Give your dog or cat plenty of fresh water, renewing it frequently and keeping his dish in a shaded spot. If you tie your dog outdoors, be certain he can reach the shade.

HOT WEATHER DON'TS

- DON'T allow pets to remain in hot sun.
- DON'T leave pets in stifling hot cars.
- DON'T overload work horses.
- DON'T fail to provide ample cool water.
- DON'T allow dogs near freshly-sprayed plants.
- DON'T allow animals near poison ivy.
- DON'T permit dogs to chase balls on beach.
- DON'T let dogs chase automobiles.



Photo, W. Henry Boller

EMPTY AND IN THE SUN

Diminutive but True Blue

MARIE E. KOLZ

SOME people seem to think that dignity and bravery are foreign to anything small. Nothing is further from the truth. Even a small child can be dignified in bearing and brave when facing danger. And so it is with dogs.

The Saint Bernard dog is a giant in the dog world. He is very dignified, too, and there is no doubt about his bravery. He has gained undying fame for having saved the lives of many travelers lost in the Swiss Alps where snow is deep and the weather bitterly cold.

But what about the tiny Pekingese? No other dog is more noble in bearing, for the Pekingese is the picture of dignity. This little dog's distinctive appearance has won for him the respect and admiration of all lovers of that which is worth while.

And talk about pluck! The Pekingese is as brave and courageous a dog as ever lived. He is often called the "lion dog"

of China, partly because he resembles the Chinese lion but also because he is just as brave as his namesake.

This small dog originated in China about two thousand years ago. The usual weight is about nine or ten pounds although a few Pekingese weigh a little more.

The Pekingese is not only dignified and brave, but also very devoted to his master or mistress. He appreciates their kindness to him and shows plainly that he does. No pet could be more loving than he; no pet could be more ready to enjoy an outing or a day at home with his owners; and no pet could be more ready to defend those he loves if the time comes when they are in danger.

Hats off to the Pekingese, the dignified, devoted, and dauntless pet of countless kind and appreciative masters and mistresses, for although he is tiny, he is true blue always.

As Is With Life*

BURLINGHAM SCHURR

BETTY," a mixed-breed Bantam hen, was the mother of six chicks, and to see her strutting about with her little family, no one would suspect she was eight years old. She was ever on the alert for danger and kept her brood from straying very far from her watchful attention. With seemingly tireless energy, she scratched and dug in the earth to uncover grubs and worms for the eager little ones to snap up.

The uncovering of a "June bug" occasioned excitement and apparent alarm on the part of the youngsters, but good old Betty was quite elated over the find. She grabbed the beetle and held it in her bill, at the same time calling them to come and take it. Putting it down and taking it up, she constantly spoke to her young ones in a manner that was pronouncedly persuasive—they were going to miss something exceptionally delicious if they did not hurry. Being finally convinced that the big brown object was something not to be afraid of, but really worth-while having, one of the chicks, somewhat more daring than the others, grabbed it and ran. Betty said something in mother-hen language and the other five chicks gave chase after the one with the prize. For a few moments the proud mother watched the performance of her brood, then joined in the merry chase. Overtaking the one with the beetle, she took the insect and proceeded to demonstrate how to disjoint and dismember such prey. Again one of

the chicks snatched at the insect and ran, and once more the others went in wild pursuit.

Suddenly, and without any warning, a Sharp-shinned Hawk darted from the sky toward the racing chicks. The bullet-like speed of the hawk was well matched by the quickness of eye on the part of Betty, and she gave a cry that sent her little family scattering in all directions. With wings outstretched and feathers raised, the courageous mother rushed toward the hawk and flew at it with the fury of a demon. What a few moments before was a spot near an apple tree in full bloom, where white petals had begun to carpet the ground, and where happiness and contentment reigned supreme among a small group of chickens, became a battleground to the death. Yes, to the death, for the onrush of the courageous, diminutive mother was met by a vicious stab of the cruel talons of the hawk, and Betty paid the supreme sacrifice. The measure of mother love in a little hen, in every mother, is the giving of her best for the happiness and welfare of her flesh and blood, and, if needs be, her life. The exemplification of love and devotion is sacrifice.

**Burlingham Schurr, who sends us this attractive story of motherly devotion in the animal world, is the well-known naturalist at the head of the Museum of Natural History and Art, Holyoke Public Library, Holyoke, Massachusetts. He tells us that this all happened in his own backyard.*



Lesson from the Birds

THAT precious lessons come to us through nature and its winged creatures has been often proved; and it has again been evidenced in a recently witnessed occurrence, one in which there was a lesson of parental love, its readiness of self-sacrifice, and the ever-presence of protection.

A sparrow hawk was seen swooping down upon a linnet, which was winging hastily from the vicinity of its nest to draw upon itself an attack which would otherwise have been directed at its nested young. Because it was no match for the marauder either in swiftness or physical prowess, the linnet's sacrifice seemed imminent. But obviously, in consequence of the nature of its motive, the little bird was to be rewarded.

At the moment when the hawk was about to seize its prey, a dove projected itself into the wake of the linnet. Disconcerted by this act, the hawk swerved and bent its attack on the dove. Confident in its superior capability of fleetness and endurance, the dove led the

hawk far and high into the sky in a futile chase.

Safe from further molestation, the linnet was left free to provide for its young.

—Christian Science Monitor



Quality of Mercy

Recently, a friend of our Society sent us a copy of YOUTH'S COMPANION, dated February 8, 1844, calling attention particularly to a true story entitled, "Oh! If My Doves Had Souls." As an indication of the child's love for her pets almost a century ago, we quote the article here.

Eliza had two little doves, beautiful creatures! with feather rings round their necks, that turned to bright colors in the sunshine.

Eliza fed them every day, and gave them a box with soft cotton for the female to lay her eggs on; and very often she took them in her hands, and held them to her bosom, and put her cheek to their soft wings, for she loved them dearly.

One morning, when Eliza rose, she was told that something had attacked her doves in the night, and killed them. The poor child sobbed and cried in her mother's arms for some time, and could not be pacified.

Then she went and looked at the cage, and there were her dead birds all mangled, and their pretty feathers scattered around.

Now Eliza had a small garden, and in that garden was a rose bush, so she went and dug a grave under her rose bush. Then she took the little pine box that the eggs used to be in, and laid cotton and moss in it, then put in the bleeding birds, and covered them up with green leaves and flowers, and cut a lock of her hair and laid it with them.

Then she and her little sister went very sadly and buried the doves beneath her rose bush, and Eliza wept, and said,—

"Oh! If my birds only had souls, then I might see them again."

—The Child's Gem



Red-Shouldered Hawk

In the treatment we accord to our faithful animal friends we reveal our own character. One generation dedicated to kind and thoughtful treatment of others, to humanitarian principles, would cause much of the sorrow and suffering in the world to disappear.



Acme Photo

The comradeship of a dog is important to the men in our armed service. This pup is taking leave of his favorite pilot, but he'll be waiting to bark "hello" when the plane returns to its base.

Friendship of a Dog

MANY assertions are made about the morale-building importance of pets, both in civilian life and in the armed forces. But it takes such a story as that of "Duckworth," a little black and white cocker spaniel, to drive this lesson home—a story of a dog's devotion to two masters and the intervention of General Dwight D. Eisenhower.

The whole thing began when Lieutenant Richard J. East, New York City, and Lieutenant Harold F. Taff, Otto, Ind., embarked on a troopship, taking the spaniel with them. Crossing the Atlantic, the three comrades set up house-keeping at a Tunisian fighter airdrome. There they lived in complete contentment until, one day, when Allied victory was almost assured, Lieutenant East failed to return from a mission. The two remaining pals, grieving, resolved to carry on.

Then came a letter to General Eisenhower from Lieutenant East's father, asking that, if possible, Duckworth be

sent to New York, where he would be given a home by Dr. and Mrs. East. The Allied commander-in-chief, not knowing of the dog's co-master, ordered the request granted, but later apprised of the situation, dispatched the following letter to the parents of the dead pilot:

"When I received your letter asking for the return of the dog owned by your son, I was deeply touched. I immediately directed that every effort be made to comply with your request. Today I received from Lieutenant General Carl A. Spaatz a report in which appears the following statement:

"It is learned that the dog Duckworth belonged jointly to Lieutenant East and his best friend, Harold Taff. Lieutenant East was killed in action April 4. His plane and grave were located after our forces moved into the Tunis area. The loss of his best friend deeply affected Taff. The commanding officer of the fighter group brought Taff with the dog to the airplane. Taff was heartbroken at

the thought of losing his dog and wanted to spend every possible minute with him until the plane took off. He placed him in the plane and carefully tied him. He left the plane just before the take-off. Colonel West had been waiting in his car to take Taff back to his quarters, but Taff was seen to thank him and walk away from the car to an adjoining field."

"Under the circumstances, and in particular in view of the statement that the dog was jointly owned by your son and his best friend, and especially as Taff has shown strong affection for the dog, I believe you will agree with me it would be unwise to return the dog to you as requested.

"The friendship of a dog is precious. It becomes even more so when one is so far removed from home as we are in Africa. I have a Scottie. In him I find consolation and diversion. For me he is the one 'person' to whom I can talk without the conversation turning back to the war. Duckworth is performing a patriotic service. I respect the quality of warm friendship shown by Taff for the dog. I am confident you and Mrs. East will view the situation similarly despite your natural and understandable desire to have with you this close companion of your gallant son who died for his country on the field of battle."

So Lieutenant Taff and Duckworth are carrying on together in the war. Lieutenant Taff has been on more than twenty missions. Duckworth is always right there wagging his tail when the plane comes home.



Robin Adopts Baby Chick

In Montpelier, Vermont, a hen had deserted her lone baby chick, and it was placed in a coop by itself. It was running about and cheeping, and suddenly a robin with a worm in its mouth came flying down to the coop. It tried to put the worm into the chick's bill, but this did not work. The robin then dropped the worm in front of the chick, and that succeeded. The worm was grabbed and swallowed and the robin flew away, only to return in a few minutes with another. After that it fed the chick as regularly as if it were a baby robin. Vermont robins are evidently of the type devoted to others.—*The Junior's Friend*



Horse Owner Fined

A Quincy, Mass., horse owner was fined twenty-five dollars recently at the instigation of Charles E. Brown, officer of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Officer Brown told the court that the horse was being used to harrow a garden, although the animal was repeatedly falling to his knees. Brown stated that the horse then weighed only 500 pounds, as against its former weight of 1,400 pounds.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

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ERIC H. HANSEN, Executive Vice-President
WILLIAM A. SWALLOW, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant Editor

JULY, 1943

EDITORIALS

One Animal to Another

THAT is, from what we know about him, this is what he has been trying to say from his first acquaintance with us eons ago.

Of course I am an animal, Mr. and Mrs. Man, and so are you. No matter how we get about, on two feet or four feet or flying through the air with wings or swimming through the rivers, lakes and oceans of the world, we are, all of us—I, your horse, your dog, your patient cow, your woolly sheep, your pig in the sty—all of us, I insist, are animals. How do I know? I looked the matter up in Mr. Webster's great dictionary, and this is what he says: "An animal is a member of the group of living beings endowed with sensations and voluntary motions as distinguished from a plant." Your lovely rose is, after all, only a rose. It can never claim, as I do, citizenship in the world of animal life.

I am even daring, with due apology to him, to paraphrase your celebrated Shakespeare in what you know as "The Merchant of Venice," and so I say, "Have I not eyes, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, hurt with the same weapons, subject to most of the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as you are? If you prick me, do I not bleed; if you poison me, do I not die?"

Yes, I know what many of you superior animals think—that the lowlier creatures were brought into existence just to be of use to you, no special rights to be claimed by them. You can load us with burdens too heavy to bear, work us twenty-four hours a day if you want to, starve us if it pleases you, hunt us with guns through wood and meadow or by the waters over which many of us fly or stoop to rest our weary wings, and you talk about millions of us as food animals and eat us.

We refuse to accept such a theory about ourselves. We, like you, we insist,

were created to find some pleasure in life, to enjoy the days of mating and the rearing of our young. Some of us love to sing, to play and frolic. Multitudes of us are your friends, and enjoy serving you when you treat us kindly. We glad-den your homes with our companionship and devotion, but we still insist we too have rights which as fellow creatures you are bound to respect. Must we submit, in spite of our God-given rights, to being killed for the food you believe you need? Well, we must leave that question for you to answer, but you know as well as we do that when you breed us for this purpose on your farms and ranches and drive us to your great slaughtering places, we should be treated as you would like to be treated if you were in our place. You would like your life ended humanely and painlessly. Heaven only knows the needless cruelties we have suffered through all the ages at your hands when you have killed us that you might eat us.

I have said enough, as one animal to another, but once more I beg you to recognize that as you have your special rights as higher up in the scale of living creatures, so have we.

Is This Democracy?

IT SEEMS almost unbelievable that any American would in the least discriminate against Colored Men wearing the uniform of the United States, but recent stories seem to bring out the fact that in certain cities on the West Coast the American Negro is not being given the democracy he is supposed to be fighting for.

One observer was told that in Portland, signs in downtown restaurants appeared reading, "White Trade Only" and they were so numerous that F. B. I. Agents had visited proprietors and insisted on their removal. If we represent to the rest of the world the ideals of democracy and the finest humanity, it does not seem too much to insist on fair play for all who are willing to defend that ideal, even if necessary, to give their lives.

It occurs to us that one of the true reasons for man's love for his dog is often based on the building up of his ego through the all-encompassing adoration of his canine companion. Who, indeed, can fail to return such devotion in at least some measure?

28-Hour Law and Trucks

IT HAS been estimated that at the present time as much as 95% of food animals comes to market via trucks, often traveling great distances. It has also been determined that livestock, shipped by truck, is more easily injured in transit than when shipped by rail.

A committee representing the various interests is at present studying ways and means for including livestock shipments by truck in the tried and proven 28-hour federal law, which provides that after 28 hours in transit by rail, livestock must be unloaded, fed and watered and given rest.

We heartily subscribe to the efforts being made to improve the lot of animals shipped by truck, but we would suggest the danger of any attempt to amend the present law, lest its effectiveness be seriously diminished.

Just Decision

IF KINDNESS to animals needs any justification other than the moral obligation imposed on every Christian, we need only to point out that animal protection is important from an economical standpoint. In other words, cruelty invariably hits someone in the "pocket-book," the "Achilles' heel" of Mr. Average Citizen. For instance, the present meat shortage is to some extent brought about by the improper handling of livestock on the way to market.

Thus, we were particularly pleased to read that Federal Judge Paul Jones recently imposed civil penalties of \$4,000 against the New York, Chicago and St. Louis Railroad for 40 violations, over a year, of the Interstate Commerce Commission rule requiring watering of livestock in transit. Penalties of \$200 each were imposed on the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania Railroads for the same offense.

Splendid Response

Several months ago we made a request for old blankets to be used in our Hospital cages for the comfort of sick animals.

We are grateful to our many friends who have responded to this appeal. More blankets are needed and if there are others who would care to send us discarded materials we shall indeed be appreciative.

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

MEETING THE MAMMALS, Victor H. Cahalane.

Our western national parks and monuments now comprise thirteen and a half millions of acres and support an astonishing number of the 15,000 species of the world's mammals.

Since the mantle of federal protection is over this vast array of wild life a great area is made accessible to nature lovers, seekers of scenic beauties and those who would know more intimately our abundant wealth in wild animal life.

The author has made a first-hand study of some thirty of our national parks, monuments and recreational areas. He has selected sixty-six of the mammal inhabitants, as of outstanding importance, giving general description, habitat, distinguishing characteristics and other information about these interesting creatures. Fifty-two striking pen-and-ink sketches are the work of Walter A. Weber.

133 pp. \$1.75. The Macmillan Co., New York.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR MAY

At 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Cases entered in Hospital	753
Cases entered in Dispensary ...	1,629
Operations	279

At Springfield Branch, 53 Bliss Street

Cases entered in Hospital	186
Cases entered in Dispensary ...	520
Operations	93

At Attleboro Clinic, 3 Commonwealth Ave.

Cases entered	83
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Totals

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915	219,764
Dispensary cases	554,109
Total	773,873

Beach Birds

Mabel Hatton Marks

Here on the beach, beside a folded dune,
Warm-sheltered from the bold caress
Of wind and sea
I while away the afternoon
In snug recess, watch lazily
The sandpipers along the sands;
They run on dainty feet,
Unheeding me in my retreat
Where I sift crinkled shells through sun-hot
hands.

Quite suddenly

On misted air from everywhere
Come sea gulls; with insistent cries
They wheel so low that I can see
Their soft breast feathers, strange dark eyes;
I throw the welcome crumbs and then
They circle high, are gone again.



MAY REPORT OF THE OFFICERS
OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.,
WITH HEADQUARTERS AT BOSTON,
METHUEN, SPRINGFIELD, PITTSFIELD,
ATTLEBORO, WENHAM, HYANNIS,
WORCESTER, FITCHBURG, NORTHAMP-
TON, HAVERHILL, HOLYOKE, ATHOL,
COVERING THE ENTIRE STATE.

Miles traveled by humane officers	14,307
Cases investigated	268
Animals examined	6,892
Animals placed in homes	272
Lost animals restored to owners ..	83
Number of prosecutions	6
Number of convictions	6
Horses taken from work	24
Horses humanely put to sleep ...	29
Small animals humanely put to sleep	2,519
Horse auctions attended	15

Stockyards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected	42,276
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	21

Veterinary Column

1. Question: My dog recently developed a red painful swelling beside the rectum. It persisted for a few days, then burst discharging pus. She seemed to receive relief after it drained, but the swelling has since reappeared. What is the cause of this, and can it be cured?

Answer: Your dog is suffering from an abscess involving a small gland which lubricates the rectum. This condition requires surgical treatment by your veterinarian, as the area needs adequate drainage and cauterization. It is also advisable to administer a mild laxative, such as mineral oil, as dogs frequently refrain from moving their bowels due to pain on defecation caused by the abscess.

2. Question: The claws on the hind legs of my dog grow circularly and penetrate the flesh, causing pain and infection. Sometimes he is lame from this and seems to suffer a great deal. We have washed his legs with disinfectant, but the pain and soreness still persist.

Answer: The so-called dewclaws often cause difficulty in this manner, and thus are usually removed when the dog is quite young. In some breeds, these claws are retained for exhibition purposes. For the present condition, the nails must be cut and the ingrown portion removed before healing can take place. It is best to take your dog to your veterinarian and have him treat this. In the future, the nails must be trimmed at frequent intervals to prevent recurrence of this difficulty. In some persistently recurring cases, it is advisable to have this extra claw completely removed by your veterinarian.

3. Question: My cocker spaniel has recently had a swelling in the inside corner of his right eye. It is bright red and very prominent, protruding somewhat. It is apparently causing considerable discomfort, and the eye waters constantly. I have washed it with boric acid solution, but this was ineffective. Can you tell me the nature of this trouble?

Answer: This is a small tumor present on the third eyelid, and is due to a glandular difficulty in this region. It is of fairly common occurrence in young dogs. Treatment is surgical, and you should consult your veterinarian.

4. Question: At what age do puppies lose their first teeth?

Answer: Puppies lose their deciduous teeth at about five months of age. The permanent teeth replace these immediately. This is a natural process, and little difficulty is encountered.

R. M. B., Veterinary Dept.
Angell Animal Hospital

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars, (or, if other property, describe the property).

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.



California Valley Quail

Bob-White Courtship

ALVIN M. PETERSON

OUR land birds are divided into seven orders, the first of which is the gallinaceous or hen-like birds, to which the bob-white or common quail belongs. Observe and study barnyard hens and the bob-white and you will be surprised in how many ways they are alike.

Watch a hen scratch and remember that a bob-white also scratches in the same way; notice how chickens rise on tip-toe and flap their wings, or how they dart here and there and flap their wings and have mock fights when playful, and you know how bob-whites act in like circumstances; and notice how they run off with morsels of food and eat them at a distance from their companions, and you get an idea of another characteristic of the quail. The preceding aspects of the character and habits of the bob-white may easily be observed from a blind near a feeding station.

However, there are other characteristics that are harder to observe, particularly those connected with the breeding season. The best way to observe these is to feed and otherwise attract the birds until they nest in numbers in the immediate vicinity of your home. If there are many of them about and if they nest near the house, many interesting glimpses of them may be secured from the house. We have long had bob-whites for near neighbors, but only recently have they nested in such large numbers near the yard that we have been able to secure glimpses of their more private lives.

Last summer, for example, I chanced to see two of the birds, mates, running down the drive. They ran off into the brush but soon returned to the road which they followed for some distance, she ahead, he following. Not long afterwards I saw another pair doing the same much nearer the house. These were instances of the pursuit of the female by the male, also a characteristic of the barnyard variety of fowl.

About the same time I chanced to be sitting beside an east window, when I saw a male take after and drive off another male. Then I noticed a third bird, a female, the mate to the first male, walking slowly and inconspicuously through the weeds and grass beneath some trees and bushes. The males ran off quite a distance but eventually returned to a spot near the female, where they fought much like two roosters.

Later, I saw the three birds on the front lawn, the mates feeding near together, the rejected lover some distance from them. The latter seemed to be taking things philosophically and spent his time scratching, feeding and taking dust baths and only occasionally got near enough to the lucky pair to cause the male to dart for him and put him in his proper place.

**Tiger of the Air**

BENNIE BENGTON

ONE of the fiercest of the winged hunters is the great snowy owl, bird of prey of the vast northern tundras. Here he roams on tireless wing gaining a livelihood capturing the Arctic or varying hares, lemmings, ptarmigan, waterfowl in summer, with occasionally some fish to vary the diet.

Two feet or more in length and with a wing spread of four or more, he is well equipped for his mode of life. Silent and powerful in flight, swift and skillful to swoop on prey, he is the equivalent of a tiger on wings. So that he will be in tune with the color that prevails the greater part of the year in his Northland home Nature has decked him in white. In the case of the male, often a pure white, but in the female a white barred with narrow strips and flecks of dusky brown. Thick and warm is his feathered overcoat too, all the way from his beak to the tips of his claws, and he needs it for his chosen home has a frigid climate.

When unusually severe weather comes, or the hares on which he chiefly depends for food become scarce, he spreads his broad wings and sails away to the settled farming regions to the south. Then, on a brisk morning in January with the temperature at twenty degrees below zero or more, he looks down on me from the

peak of the barn roof as I trudge out to do the chores. And I make a mental note to keep the cats in the barn so as to avoid mistakes and casualties.

These huge owls have a wide range and are well known in northern countries, being found in circumpolar regions throughout both the Old and New Worlds. In Sweden they are called "harfanger," the word meaning hare catchers. Snowy owls nest on the ground, usually atop a small knoll where they line a shallow depression with moss and a few feathers and the female lays eight or ten white eggs which are almost the size of a hen's egg. Young, partly incubated and fresh eggs have all been found in the same nest indicating that the eggs are laid at irregular intervals.

The snowy is a day flying owl and not nocturnal as are most of the owl family. This, perhaps, because if he wasn't he would probably starve during midsummer when the days are twenty-four hours long in the North. He is most often observed at his hunting operations early in the morning and evening.

Evidence of their ability to stay long periods of time on the wing is the fact there are records of snowy owls having come aboard ships a thousand miles from the nearest land. A few, possibly blown off their course by gales, have landed on the island of Bermuda, which is a far cry from their native haunts in distance as well as climate.



Snowy Owl

Million Dollar Penny

The name of this dog is "Penny," but she's worth about a million dollars to her owner. Recently, Penny, a nine-weeks-old cocker spaniel, belonging to Ruth Emory, of St. Albans, Vt., saved her mistress' life and that of Miss Thompson when fire broke out in their apartment.

It seems that Miss Emory allows the pup to sleep in the room occupied by herself and Miss Thompson. The latter was awakened about 4 a.m. by Penny licking her face and whining. Smelling smoke she aroused her roommate and the two spread the alarm to other tenants.



Luminous Insects

L. E. EUBANKS

WHILE cutting their way through a South American jungle, two explorers were invited to spend the night in a native chief's hut. To their surprise they saw the primitive family going about their tasks under fairly good lights. Surprise became amazement when they discovered that the illumination came from beetles about the size of sparrows, suspended from pegs by means of plaited grass strings.

It was a striking example of the cold light man must learn to copy from plants, animals and insects if he is ever to have a lamp that combines efficiency with economy. The best lamp man has invented thus far wastes far too much of its energy in giving heat.

The sea is often so infested by tiny animals, called noctiluca, that it shines like pure silver, and receding breakers leave a greenish-blue afterglow on the shore. Sometimes a dead fish will glow with a strange light caused by millions of tiny plant bacteria growing in the decaying flesh.

Observant nature lovers also have seen flashes of "fox fire" playing along moss-covered logs. This greenish glow emanates from a fungus which grows on the rotting wood. All this has no connection, as Myers reminds us, with the "will-o'-the-wisp," which is ignited gas over swampy ground, nor with phosphorus, which is a chemical composition that glows when placed in the dark.

Most cold light, however, is created by insects. A few fireflies — or lightning bugs, as many call these fireless creatures — placed under a thin, clear tumbler, will cast a surprising amount of light. Their abdomens glow with an eerie illumination. Some species of fireflies, common in the tropics, fly in almost straight lines and emit continuous light — often enough to read by. And our



Photo, Worcester Evening Gazette

WOUNDED WHILE ON DUTY

"Brownie" is the canine, boon companion and helpmeet of Mailman Harvey Evans on a Worcester, Mass., route. He never misses the daily grind and is well aware of his importance. Recently, however, he was accosted and held up by an unprovoked member of the feline clan. In the set-to that followed Brownie sustained a deep "shiner" over his left eye. With some reluctance he faced the cameraman, not wanting any marks of the fray to be seen by the public.

famous glowworms are only wingless female fireflies and their larvae.

Probably the most curious of all luminous insects is the "automobile bug," also from South America. Its head shines white after dark, while its tail sends out a red glow.

It seems strange that nature's light, while so different from man-made illumination, reacts in many of the same ways. It can be reflected, refracted, and polarized. It takes a positive effect upon photographic plates, and can be completely blocked off by materials which negatively affect our heat lamps. Also, nature makes lavish use of colored light — greenish blues and yellows, lilacs, purples, pinks, and reds.



A good man will take care of his horses and dogs, not only while they are young, but when old and past service.

PLUTARCH

"Animal" Post Office

Names of post offices in the United States are drawn from various sources. Here are a few from the animal world:

Hare, Ky.; Swan, Mo.; Peacock, Ala.; Duck, N. C.; Chicken, Alaska; Airedale, Ky.; Finch, Mont.; Cat Spring, Texas; Parrot, Ky.; Angora, Minn.; Bantam, Conn.; Guinea, Va.; Mousie, Ky.; Beagle, Kan.; Raccoon, Ky.; Turkey, N. C.; Bird, Ky.; Turtle, Mo.; Goldfinch, Texas; Birds Nest, Va.; Pigeon, Pa.; Sparrow, Ky.; Springer, Okla.; Spider, Ky.

—Sunshine Magazine

Cater to Your Camera

WILBERT N. SAVAGE

FROM a reliable source comes the good news that more and more sportsmen and coming to realize that they can substitute the camera for the gun and enjoy all the pleasures of the chase "without leaving the world poorer by the annihilation of the little people of field and forest."

Surely any hunter who has switched from the firearm to the camera must admit that more immediate and lasting pleasure is afforded in raking a running deer from stem to stern at twenty yards with a 5 x 7 "bore" camera than in driving an ounce ball through his heart at 100 yards.

In praising the virtues of hunting with a good camera a great outdoorsman says: "There is unlimited freedom for the cameraman 'gunning' for Nature. There are no closed seasons; no restrictions in numbers or methods of transportation; no posted land. But you can take a crack at a swimming deer; an elk plunging through the snow; pull on a spotted fawn, or bag a bird on its nest without any scruples about being called a pot-hunter or game-hog."

In introducing a book of wildlife illustrated with the camera President Theodore Roosevelt wrote: "The older I grow, the less I care to shoot any living thing. If we can only get the camera in place of the gun and have the sportsman sunk somewhat in the naturalist and the lover of wild things, the next generation will see an immense change for the better in the life of our woods and waters."



S. S. Henry Bergh

Honoring the humane movement, the 10,000 ton Liberty Ship, S. S. Henry Bergh, was launched, May 28, at Richmond, Calif. Present at the ceremony was a group of prominent humanitarians including Secretary-Manager Charles W. Friedrichs, San Francisco S. P. C. A.



Acme Photo

"ATTENTION!"

"Sarge," seven-months' veteran and ground mascot of the Air Corps and now stationed at Strother Field, Winfield, Kansas, pops to attention as his master, Staff Sgt. Harry Wrigglesworth, San Antonio, Texas, gives him the command. The Sergeant adopted the dog last fall while in Colorado and the terrier has become a prime favorite with all the men.



Without a Heart

THERE are many and strange insects flying and crawling about in warm weather. Have you ever thought how insects are handicapped by nature? Usually they are near-sighted, and most of them are stone deaf. Indeed, the only expert sense they have is their sense of smell. But they are very keen at smelling through their feelers, and so they get along.

One couldn't possibly smother a grasshopper by holding its nose, partly because it hasn't a nose and partly because it doesn't breathe by taking air into its head, as one would expect.

It breathes by taking the air through little holes in its sides, as all insects do. Then, instead of keeping the air in its lungs, and letting the blood circulate as other animals do, insects' bodies do just the opposite. The blood "stays put" and the air circulates through a whole system

of air vessels, to every part of the body. The air is pumped even into the insect's feet and into the tips of the wings, but not by a heart. The insect has no heart and so the air is pumped by the abdomen which heaves in and out without ever stopping even for a moment. Even when the butterfly or mosquito or ant is resting, the abdomen goes in and out, in and out.

And this is true of the bodies of all insects, beetle or moth or bee. In each of these the blood never circulates, but the air is constantly pumped into every bit of wing and feeler and leg.—*Sunshine Magazine*



"I am enclosing \$1.00 for renewal of my subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*. I do not want to be without the magazine, as I feel that Humane Education is especially important in these war days."

The Oriole's Nest

ALVIN M. PETERSON

THE safest, strongest and most artistic bird's nest to be found in America is that of the Baltimore oriole. It cannot be reached by cats, snakes and other creatures that spend most of their time on the ground. Much of the material of which it is made is painstakingly woven together. It is so strong that it lasts for months and is hard to unravel or tear apart.

Not long ago I was walking down the drive, when I noticed an oriole's nest dangling from the tip of a bare bur-oak branch, about twelve feet from the ground. I knew it was there, for I found it last summer, when I heard the young birds it held chirping as they encouraged and spurred their parents on in their quest for baby food. Now, it was deserted and empty, so I secured a long pole and broke the branch that held it from the tree.

The nest was about seven inches in length and four inches in diameter, shaped like a pocket and fastened to a fork in the branch. You will find that most orioles' nests are located in forks, or where a branch divides and forms a Y. The cradle was so securely fastened to the Y with store string that I was obliged to break the wood into bits to free it. There was considerable string scattered throughout the pocket also and I counted no less than nineteen separate pieces. The pouch is wide at the top, then narrows and forms a throat, and then expands again and forms a bag. Within the bag is found the nest proper, made of horse hair and other soft materials such as fine grass.

Not only was there horse hair in the

nest proper, but in the pouch also. I removed 59 hairs from the pouch, and they had been stitched or woven into it much as if it had been done with a sewing machine. I estimated twice as many hairs had been used for lining purposes as were woven into the pouch.

The pouch contained but one other material, plant fibres of some kind, though this had been used more freely than hair, grass or string. No doubt three-fourths of all the material used was plant fibre. This fibre was flattened, very strong and gray in color. It may have been milkweed bark. More important than its exact identity was the fact that it was an ideal material from which to weave a nest.

I visited Minneopa Park near Mankato, Minnesota, a couple of years ago and, while there, became interested in an oriole that was building a nest near the end of an elm branch. The mother was making good use of some store string she had found. There were a dozen pieces dangling from the pouch, one at least five feet in length, another three feet long, four about eighteen inches and six that were shorter. At least three long strings dangled from a near-by branch, where they had become hopelessly entangled and could not be dislodged. Would the strings dangling from the nest be caught up and used before the structure was completed? I believed so and should have liked to return to the park in a week and made sure.

Unique Broadcast

NORMAN C. SCHLICHTER

I WAS listening to the short wave broadcasts from London recently and was delightfully introduced to a Saint Paul, Minnesota, cat named "Poindexter" by its owner, Colonel Branson of this city. He was the important member of this Minnesota family, next to the Colonel's wife and eighteen-year-old daughter.

A veterinarian from Brooklyn, whose name I am sorry to have missed, followed Colonel Branson to the microphone. He is on duty overseas caring for the dogs of the army.

"Have you any dogs of your own?" the announcer asked this Brooklynite, after he had told of the fine service he is rendering to the valuable dogs in military service with our men.

"Yes, I have, sir," he replied instantly. "I have the finest two dogs in the United States."

"How should you like to give them a little medical advice over the air?" said the announcer cheerily, but seriously.

"Thanks for the opportunity, sir. I'll be glad to," the veterinarian replied, and

then he talked to those dogs, "Jo," the female, and "Rip," the male, not only like a good dog doctor would, but also like the loving master he was to them.

Since notification is sent frequently in advance of these personal broadcasts of the men to their families, it is possible that Jo and Rip heard their master's voice. I hope they did for the war is making many hard separations of masters from their pets all over the globe. And let us not forget that in many cases the pangs of separation are harder for the pets than for the masters who can reason through the ordeal and have the consolation that this is part of the price they are glad to pay to preserve the liberties of free men.

That broadcast to Jo and Rip will be long remembered by me, and it proved to be one of those fine human things that helps to give the spirit courage to carry on toward the light in these days of spiritual darkness everywhere. I believe it was helpful in the same way to many, many thousands of listeners in all parts of our western world where these London broadcasts are heard.

Can't No Trouble

Harry Elmore Hurd

Storm-wind howlin' . . . hour is late . . .
Rain-log sputterin' on the grate.

Hound-dog dreamin' . . . couch for a bed . . .
Best feather pillow under his head.

Rafters creakin' . . . nasty weather . . .
But we're contented, here together.

Storm can't touch us . . . let it roar . . .
Can't no trouble pass our door.

Hound-dog sleepin' . . . warm and content . . .
Coursin', in slumber, a sweet strong scent.

Twitchin' fitfully in his sleep . . .
Vocalizin', full and deep.

Here together . . . snug by the fire . . .
We haven't a trouble or thing to desire.

There is but one way to save the world from actual disaster and ruin. In some way and by some means, the peoples of all nations must be made to comprehend that modern warfare will prove suicidal to the world, and that the only way by which and through which life can carry on is to spare and save that which has ever been man's mainstay—generous and long-suffering Mother Nature.

—Burlingham Schurr



Society Report

Mrs. Marion S. Draper, Vice-President of the New Hampshire Humane Society (picture at the right), writes that the feeding problem is causing much sickness among dogs and in many instances owners have had them humanely destroyed.

The annual report of the Nashua district shows that 19 dogs, 11 cats, two horses, two rabbits and two goats were put to sleep and that there were 22 burials in the Proctor Cemetery for Animals. Over the same period the Society agents investigated 185 complaints, inspected 374 cows, 225 pigs, 21,055 poultry and 27 sheep and goats.

In addition to animal complaints, officers investigated one case involving seven children.



Animals Rescued in Flood

With the Missouri and Mississippi rivers reaching a flood peak, approximated only once before in this century, the danger to animal life became a paramount issue with the farmers of that region. President Gerald B. O'Reilly, Humane Society of Missouri, writes that responding promptly to the calls for help, The Humane Society of Missouri dispatched its agents to the scene of disaster. In the Alton area, Agent Harold Present spent several days. Here, with a tugboat furnished by the Coast Guard and with the help of a number of the Coast Guard personnel, the rescue of over 1,000 head of livestock, about 1,000 hogs and over 10,000 chickens was effected.

At the East Carondelet area, Dr. Norbert Schmelzer and Agent John Prince cared for hundreds of hogs, cattle, dogs, goats and other animals. Food was brought to them at a levee in the center of the flooded district where they were marooned.

Lieutenant R. W. Brown, U. S. Coast Guard Reserve, sent words of highest praise of Sergeant Present's work.



Fido's in the Army

Willa Hoey

*Fido's in the Army now,
(He lives across the street)
And he is the proudest dog
That ever you could meet.
I want to join the Army,
But Mother she says—"No!"
When I'm a little older
Perhaps she'll let me go.
I feel just like a slacker
To sit and wash my paws,
While Fido's in the Army
Helping on the Cause.*

It Happened in England

It has happened at last. A bull that escaped from a slaughter house took refuge in an antique china shop near Windsor Castle.

There was scarcely a whole piece of china left when drovers came and captured the bull.

Mrs. Maude Crutchley, manageress of the store, said: "I was bombed out of my London home, but it was not more exciting than the quarter hour trying to get the bull out of the shop."

—Stepping Stones



Seizes Gamecocks

In an attempt to reach at the source of what is believed to be an increased interest in cockfighting, Officer Fred T. Vickers, Wenham representative of The Massachusetts S. P. C. A., recently raided a residence and, armed with a search warrant, located seven birds allegedly being raised and trained for this sport. Officer Vickers confiscated the birds, bringing them to the Wenham Shelter where they will be held pending court order.



American Fondouk, Fez

Report for March, 1943

Daily average large animals:	26.1
Daily average dogs:	11
Animals put to sleep:	1
Entries:	5 horses, 7 mules, 61 donkeys
Exits:	7 horses, 7 mules, 64 donkeys
Out-patients:	312 horses, 63 mules, 280 donkeys, 6 dogs, 2 cats.
Fondouks visited	462
Animals inspected	9,842
Animals treated	1,192
Animals sent in	103
Pack-saddles destroyed	2
Arab-bits destroyed	1
Animals sent by Police Dept.	8

Amount of our expenses for this month: \$356.72.

GUY DELON
Superintendent

On Kittens

Salvatore Marsiglia

*A kitten with a length of string
Is such a pretty, playful thing.
A kitten with a leaf to chase
Exhibits beauty, form and grace.
But I love kittens curled up, wise,
With ancient mystery in their eyes.*

*I knew a kitten, suavely hued,
That, like a poet used to brood,
And in the windows of its glance
I read of intrigues and romance.
And shared in its philosophy
That man is not what he should be.*



*A kitten—but a puff of fur,
Electric, and content to purr—
Haughty and proud, but in its way
The best of pets with which to play;
My heart would be devoid of cheer
Without a kitten playing near.*

Gifts for Retired Workers

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Albert A. Pollard, Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.



Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies of the magazines so mutilated will be replaced by us upon application, if so desired.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Animal-Fact or Animal-Fiction

- | | | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| 1. Scientists believe that the behemoth of Bible times still lives in the equatorial marshes of Africa. | True False | 9. A spider is an insect. | True False |
| 2. The common toad likes to be petted. | True False | 10. One bird finds a favored nesting site on the gravel roofs of city skyscrapers. | True False |
| 3. The bald eagle, like the vulture, is bald headed, as its feathers would become soiled when feeding on carrion. | True False | 11. A porcupine can throw its quills ten feet. | True False |
| 4. No one ever found a cowbird's nest | True False | 12. The sea horse is the only fish with a grasping tail. | True False |
| 5. One large wild animal is always silent, no matter what the danger or injury. | True False | 13. All African elephants have tusks; only the male Indian elephant has this defense. | True False |
| 6. Several birds, as the woodpecker and chickadee, work upward over tree trunks in their search for insects and their eggs; no bird is so suicidally inclined as to work head downward. | True False | 14. Only the female sea turtle ever leaves the sea. | True False |
| 7. The whale is the largest fish. | True False | 15. The nighthawk is not a hawk; the meadowlark is not a lark; the mon-goose is not a goose. | True False |
| 8. The airplane is superior to birds. No bird can fly backward. | True False | <p>Eight correct answers is creditable passing; if you can answer twelve correctly you are a nature wizard.</p> <p>—Bessie L. Putnam</p> | |

Watch for the answers in the August issue.



Photo, H. Armstrong Roberts

"I wonder which is fact and which is fiction. These fellows have me worried."

The Band of Mercy or Junior Humane League

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
ERIC H. HANSEN, Executive Vice-President
WILLIAM A. SWALLOW, Secretary

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Two hundred and fifty-five new Bands of Mercy were organized during May. These were distributed as follows:

New Hampshire	156
Florida	36
Virginia	34
Georgia	28
Pennsylvania	1

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 266,600.

SUMMARY OF FIELD WORK

Number of addresses made, 145
Number of persons in audiences 13,723



How Far Can a Dog Travel?

VINCENT EDWARDS

HOW far can a dog travel on his own? No doubt, all sorts of interesting answers could be furnished to this question. But one of the most astounding that has ever been heard of is the long, long trek of a Canadian Airedale.

Several years ago Mr. T. A. Fee, a Vancouver architect, shipped this dog by express from his British Columbia home to his brother-in-law, Thomas Paton, at Ardrossan, a station on the Grand Trunk Railway, sixteen miles east of Edmonton, Alberta. The charges were prepaid, and money given for food and care for "Buster" all the way to his destination.

Time passed, however, and "Buster" failed to show up. When Mr. Paton wrote of his non-arrival, Mr. Fee got busy. The railroad company produced a receipt, showing that the Airedale had been delivered to Edmonton. But after that, the trail ran out. It was as if "Buster" had vanished into thin air. The dog wasn't famous like "Rin-Tin-Tin" and so he was given up for lost.

Imagine Mr. Fee's surprise and joy when one day, about six weeks later, his Airedale came walking into the yard! "Buster" was thin and tired and footsore, as if he had been traveling without any rest.

When his master came to check distances, he found the dog had covered a total of 770 miles. From Edmonton to Vancouver there was no traveled road except the railroad track, and this passes through and over three different chains of mountains. Add to that, the fact that two-thirds of the way hadn't any homes along the way except the railroad section houses, and it became clear what a feat "Buster" had achieved.

How this faithful Airedale had been able to pick the right one of twelve railroads converging on Edmonton; how he had managed to find food through all those long weeks and how, strangest of all, he had known those steel tracks would surely lead him home will always remain one of the great mysteries of superhuman animal intelligence!



Armored Animals

H. LEWIS CLARK

WHAT is that queer, rattling noise often heard in the country at night in some parts of the world, especially in Southern Europe and Northern Africa? It is the porcupine or spiny pig, as it is sometimes called, that goes about after dark rattling its armor like the knights of old who always had their sword gird about them ready for any encounter.

That's the way with this animal of the Old World which has a coat of flattened spines usually about a foot long which forms the whole covering or armor of its body and it is the short tail, tipped with numerous slender open quills, which makes the loud rattling noise whenever the animal moves.

They are ground lovers—that is, they live on the ground rather than in trees or water. They are said to be harmless but will fight if cornered and are said to throw their quills in self-defense. That, however, has been disproved.

There are several varieties of the porcupine. Those of North America, Mexico and the tropics are smaller and live entirely in trees. They are very lazy creatures and do not care to run or climb or play and only exert themselves when they want food. They eat fruit, leaves and grain.

They have been known to remain in the same position and posture for forty-eight hours, or two days and two nights.

The spines are mixed with long, white hairs almost or quite hiding them. Their tails are like the monkey's. They wrap them around the limbs of trees and their feet being more like hands, they can grasp hold of the limbs of the trees as they climb about.

The Indian women of North America use the quills of the porcupine for their beautiful moccasin work which is so much prized by the Indian tribes.



There is still another variety of porcupine called the ant-eater; it is an Australian animal, smaller, with a longer body and shorter spines. It digs itself a burrow in sandy places and feeds on ants. It catches them by darting out its tongue, which is covered with a sticky wetness, into the ant hills. The ants stick to the tongue and are drawn into the mouth and devoured.



The Bountiful Hen

(A Lay)

Arthur Bardwell Patten

*I sing of the bountiful hen,
Who for industry has such a yen:
She gives us a lay
About every day,
And is almost as blithe as a wren.*

*Dear biddy, you look so sedate,
Though you merrily cackle and prate:
You can sit at your work,
But yet never shirk,
And you turn out your eggs by the crate.*

*O, how you can nestle and brood,
In diligent, dignified mood!
While early and late
You just incubate,—
Or get up and scratch for your food.*

*You gallantly sing at your role,
With all of your voice and your soul,
As you stick to your job,
Without murmur or sob,
And so see life steady and whole.*



The Jack London Club now numbers 870,387 members, all pledged to do what they can to prevent cruelty in training animals for stage or screen.

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THE GRACE OF KINDNESS

W

From a sermon by the Reverend George A. Gordon,
Minister of the Old South Church, Boston, 1884-1927, and
one of the most distinguished preachers of his generation.

HAT is the highest human excellence? Put the question to a normal child, anywhere on the face of the earth, and there could be but one answer. Who were they that interested and delighted you most in that golden age? There were men and women saintly, truly so, and I regret to say that I did not like them. There were the supremely conscientious persons, whose worth and grandeur I can now see, and they impressed me then as among the gloomiest and most unattractive people in the world. They took the brightness out of the day, the zest out of life.

What is kindness? The word is one of the very greatest in our language. It has suffered a good deal from misuse. It is the great, vital expression of all excellence, the deepest root of the noblest humanity, and its consummate flower. Kindness is the sense of the greatness and pathos of human life. The sense of the greatness of life comes first. Life is so great from every point of view,—its achievement, loss, sin, capacity, hope,—that the poetry which prefers nature to man seems to me mere vamping.

The kind man cannot look upon this vast scene of error and pain without pity. His heart is moved with compassion. He beholds the sorrow of the world; it becomes his sorrow. It is this that makes him the pure and tender friend that he is. He lives near to the suffering souls of his fellow men; he sees the wreck and the heartbreak in life; he notes the swiftly passing beauty of it all,—

*"like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm,"—*

and his compassionate heart elects to suffer with his kind and wait in benign pity upon its need.

There is a world of pain that need not be; a world born of sour looks, ungracious speech, unmanly action, a world that harrows the hearts of millions. Kindness wipes that vast and dismal world out of existence.

